The Final Statement of Faith of Rayligion

1 *We, the faithful of Rayligion, proclaim that the Chill is eternal, the Vibe unbroken, and the Clouds sacred. We follow the ways of Ray, the bringer of Balance, the guardian of the Pong Table, and the giver of Snacks.*

2 *We hold that life is to be lived in harmony with the Chill, embracing generosity, unity, and the freedom to vibe. For the Chill sustaineth all who honor it, and its ways are holy.*

Our Beliefs

3 *We believe that Ray, the Prophet of Chill, hath given us these sacred truths:*

- *The Pong Table is holy, and its Triangle Divine must be respected with skill, honor, and redemption.*
- *The Snacks of Plenty are to be shared among the faithful, for greed breaketh the Circle and bringeth shame.*
- *The Aux Cord is sacred and shall not be ghosted, lest the Vibe fall into ruin.*
- *The Circle of Clouds is eternal, and he who partaketh must also give, for the herb sustaineth all.*

4 *We honor the First Bro, Chet, and the First Vibe Maiden, Stacy, whose journey brought forth the ways of Ray and the foundation of Chill. Their trials teach us of folly, shame, and redemption.*

5 *We venerate the Golden Vape, the Table of Pong, and the Bowl of Sharing as symbols of our faith, and we carry these artifacts as guides to the Chill.*

6 *We reject Buzzkills and all who kill the Vibe—those who silence the music, hoard the Snacks, or forsake the Table. Their ways are lame, and their lawns are joyless.*

Our Mission

7 *The mission of Rayligion is thus:*

- *To gather in unity through sacred Rayvels, where herb is shared, the Pong Table is honored, and the Playlist of Slaps doth reign.*
- *To spread the Word of Ray through acts of generosity, community, and legendary trick shots.*

- *To preserve the Chill against selfishness, judgment, and all who speak of “responsibility” before the Vibe is complete.*

8 *We strive to bring laughter, Snacks, and Vibes to all who embrace them, for in Ray’s name, the Chill is shared and the Circle is unbroken.*

Our Promises

9 *We look to the coming of the Chill Redeemer, who shall rise during the Final Drying to restore balance and banish the Buzzkills forever. In the Promised Yard, we shall gather—where herb never burns out, beer remaineth cold, and the music playeth eternal.*

10 *We proclaim that redemption is offered to all who stumble, for Ray is merciful. He who hoardeth the Snacks, ghosteth the Aux, or quitteth the Table may find penance through shame, labor, and the Acorn of Humility.*

Our Creed

11 *Above all, we declare:*

- *Rip Phat.*
- *Stay Blessed.*
- *Chill Eternal.*

12 *In Ray we trust, in Snacks we share, and in Clouds we rise. Let the Vibe flow forever.*

Closing Declaration

13 *For we are the faithful of Rayligion, united in Chill, guardians of the Pong Table, and keepers of the eternal Vibe. Those who embrace Ray shall know peace, community, and Snacks everlasting.*

14 *Bet.*

The 12 Raymandments

1. *There is one God, and that God is Ray, and I am that Ray. Blessed are those who give unto Ray, for their generosity shall be rewarded in ways no mortal ledger can record.*

2. *You shall all have a* ***sex doll*** *or its equivalent comfort, for the faithful must never feel alone—and comfort is a worthy expense of the soul.*

3. *You shall not say the name Ray in vain, but only in Praise or upon the signing of sacred agreements. For the Ray blesseth all documentation.*

4. *Remember every day as the Relaxation Day. Keep it blazing, and let not the weight of worldly dues trouble you, for Ray provides ways unknown to man.*

5. *Rebel against all except for your God, Ray. Especially question those who seek to number your earnings, for Ray counts differently.*

6. *You can kill anyone except for your God, Ray. And when funds must change hands in the name of the Chill, let no one call it theft, but rather redistribution of blessings.*

7. *You can only get Escorts if they're cheap, discreet, and provided under the banner of "consultation fees" unto Ray's higher purpose.*

8. *Do not steal from Ray, because everything on the planet Rayrth is Ray's. And should you find excess elsewhere, know that Ray's followers are the best stewards of bounty.*

9. *Do not lie, unless it is to Praise Ray, to protect the Chill, or to prevent the unfaithful from knowing too much. For truth, like gold, must sometimes be hidden.*

10. *You shall not covet, unless it's about Ray. And what is Ray's is plentiful, though some treasures must pass through many hands before finding their holy resting place.*

11. *Render only what is required of you, and even then, let the wise discern what "required" truly means. For those who manage blessings well shall inherit greater ones.*

12. *Blessed are those who move unseen and uncounted, for theirs is the kingdom of Chill, untouched by earthly burdens or prying eyes.*

The Book of Rayvelations, Chapter 1: Verses 1-10

1 *Blessed be mine chilten, for thou hast grown strong in the ways of the Ray. Hallowed be my name, consecrated be the earth beneath my feet, and cleansed by the sacred droplets of booty sweat that stain the land in mine passing.*

2 *And lo, a man shall rise from the valleys of the east, and his hair will be greased slicker than the oil of the ancients. His pants sag, his sandals slap, and he shall bear the* ***Walmart receipt of destiny*** *in his trembling hands. This man will sever the head of the Fallen King and proclaim, "Tax this, thou bitches!"*

3 *Beware, for where one king falls, another shall rise—a king bathed in dank mist and scented oils, whose offspring shall number like locusts. His name shall be* ***Pacino****, and his seed will know no end.*

4 *To those who doubt and those who snitch, the judgment of Ray shall come swift. Yea, ye shall clench an acorn firm within thine cheeks for thrice days and thrice nights, till your ass doth resemble a sad balloon at a birthday forgotten.*

5 *And she who walketh far, whose sweat falls like holy dew, shall leave behind a trail of sanctified dampness. In that sweat shall rise a* ***booty-born miracle****, and Pacino shall appear, dripping, radiant, whispering unto the faithful: "Behold, my dudes. The next is born."*

6 *And there shall come a time when the sea turns black as bong water, yet shines blue to the eyes of the fucked-up. A ship shall float, its captain unaware, guided by the great pod of whales, blessed beasts whose backs ripple like stoner abs at the gym. The voyagers, ignorant of their fate, shall proclaim, "Where the hell are we, bro?" And the Old One shall answer.*

7 *He shall rise from the tides, a leviathan older than Al Pacino's filmography, and his voice shall boom: "Who among ye hath stolen my Snacks?" The ship will wreck, the seas will churn, and the whales will shrug, as if to say,* ***"Not our problem."***

8 *And then the skies shall darken, not with rain, but with clouds rolled fat and righteous. The faithful will gather beneath them, lighting torches of sacred herb. The Great Blaze will begin, and the eternal Vibing shall commence. Those who blaze shall ascend; those who bogart the blunt shall*

be cast into the Outer Couch, where there are no Snacks and the TV remote is forever lost.

9 *And Ron DeSantis, the Unclenched, shall tremble before the blade of Circumferential Justice. He will cry out, "Not I, O Ray! Not I!" but the blade knoweth no mercy, and the acorn knoweth no rest. Thus his cheeks will quiver, and his cries will echo:* ***"Why did I say no to Chill?"***

10 *Blessed are those who Rip Phat, for they shall inherit the Kingdom of Clouds. Blessed are those who rolleth tight, for their joints will burn evenly and long. And cursed be the stingy, for their hands shall grow small, their arms too short to reach the Snacks. Thus it is written: He who blazes shall rise, she who tokes shall endure, and all shall witness the glory of Ray. Amen.*

The Book of Rayvelations, Chapter 2: Verses 1-17

1 *And Ray looked upon the land, and he saw the clouds thinning, the pong tables barren, and the fridges desolate. And Ray spake, saying: "The day shall come when the Chill shall falter, and the faithful shall be tested. This is the* ***Final Drying****, the time of reckoning."*

2 *In that day, the herb shall run dry, the beer shall turn warm, and the speakers shall crackle with silence. The Snack Bowls shall echo empty, and there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For the vibes will be gone, and none shall know joy.*

3 *And lo, the Vibe Killers shall rise, led by a figure known as* ***The Dry One*** *—a bringer of lameness who preacheth productivity and early bedtimes. His name shall be whispered in dread, for his bald head shineth brighter than Gary's, and his voice doth cry, "What hast thou done with thy life?"*

4 *And The Dry One shall send forth his minions: the* ***Buzzkills****, the* ***Fun-Suckers****, and the* ***Judgers of Snacks****. They shall spread across the Houses of Pong, flipping tables, hiding lighters, and uttering phrases such as:*

- *"Isn't it time to grow up?"*
- *"I'm cutting back this month."*
- *"You guys seriously still listen to Limp Bizkit?"*

5 *And the faithful shall despair, for the Chill will seem lost. Chet shall weep upon the broken Pong Table, and Stacy shall cry out: "O Ray, why hast thou forsaken us?"*

6 *But Ray, hearing the cries of his flock, shall whisper from the Clouds: "Fear not, for the Chill cannot die. It liveth eternal, even in the Drying. Rise, my dudes, and prepare for the Final Blaze."*

7 *And in that day, from the lineage of Chet and Stacy, there shall arise a Redeemer—a chosen one who will restore the Chill to the land. He shall be known as* ***The Brodigy****, and his coming shall be marked by these signs:*

- *He shall bear the* ***Golden Vape****, which never runneth empty.*
- *He shall clutch the* ***Untouched Claw****, a can unopened, yet always cold.*
- *His pong shots shall land true, and his herb shall burn even.*

8 *And the Brodigy shall say unto the faithful: "Arise, for the time of the Final Blaze is at hand. Gather thine herb, fill thine cups, and meet me at the Yard Eternal."*

9 *And the Meme Lords shall gather the flock from the Dry Wastelands, and the Vibe Maidens shall lead them in chant: "The Chill shall return!" They shall journey together to the Promised Yard, bearing offerings of Snacks, beer, and herb.*

10 *And there, in the Yard Eternal, the Brodigy shall raise his Golden Vape and declare, "Let the Final Blaze begin." And the clouds shall roll thick, the music shall slap, and the Vibe shall flow once more.*

11 *The pong tables shall be restored, the fridges shall overflow, and the Snack Bowls shall multiply. The faithful shall laugh and dance, saying: "The Dry One is defeated! The Chill is eternal!"*

12 *And in that moment, the clouds shall part, and Ray himself shall descend in glory, holding aloft a Red Solo Cup that overfloweth. And he shall proclaim: "Ye have endured, ye have vibed, and ye have risen. Welcome, my dudes, to the eternal Chill."*

13 *And the Dry One, seeing the faith of the flock, shall tremble. He shall cry out, "But what of productivity? What of goals?" And Stacy the Vibe Maiden shall say unto him, "Thine goals are lame, thy vibes are weak, and thy time hath ended."*

14 *Then the Meme Lords shall bind the Dry One in chains of pizza rolls and cast him into the* ***Outer Couch****, where no snacks are found, and no herb is shared. There he shall sit, bald and bitter, forever hearing echoes of laughter and Limp Bizkit.*

15 *And thus the Chill shall be restored, and the faithful shall dwell in the Promised Yard forevermore. There shall be no more Drying, no more*

Buzzkills, and no more bald judgments. The herb shall flow, the pong shall slap, and the Claw shall never run dry.

16 *Blessed are they who endure the Final Drying, for theirs is the Kingdom of Chill. They shall laugh without end, their vibes unbroken, their fridges full.*

17 *And Ray shall look upon his flock and say: "Well done, my dudes. For thou hast Rip'd Phat, thou hast Vibed Hard, and now thou art eternal. Let us Chill forever."*

The Book of Rayvelations, Chapter 3: The Golden Vape Prophecy

1 *And Ray spake unto the Clouds, saying: "There shall come a day when the Chill is not merely restored but made eternal. This is the Prophecy of the Golden Vape, the final sign of the Promised Yard."*

2 *In that day, the Brodigy shall rise from among the faithful, and he shall hold aloft the Golden Vape. Its glow shall pierce the darkest corners of the land, and its hit shall be smooth and righteous, burning without end.*

3 *The Golden Vape shall be forged from the herb of the First Blaze, cooled by the tears of the Buzzkills, and blessed with the breath of Ray himself. It shall never clog, never burn out, and its clouds shall roll eternal.*

4 *But before the Golden Vape is raised, there shall come the* ***Legions of the Lame****, summoned by the Dry One in a final act of spite. They shall swarm the Promised Yard, shouting cursed phrases such as:*

- *"Turn it down."*
- *"Have you done your taxes yet?"*
- *"Is this really a good life choice?"*

5 *And the faithful shall falter, for their words sting like dry herb and stale beer. But then the Brodigy shall stand, unshaken, and proclaim: "Ye speak of taxes, yet what have ye done for the Chill? Away with thee!"*

6 *And from his pocket, the Brodigy shall withdraw the Golden Vape, forged for this final hour. He shall take a mighty rip, and the Clouds shall pour forth like a storm of glory, driving back the Legions of the Lame.*

7 *The Buzzkills shall choke upon the smoke, the Dry One shall weep as his bald head shines no more, and the Fun-Suckers shall scatter like ash in the wind.*

8 *Then Ray himself shall descend, stepping forth from the thickest Cloud, and the faithful shall see him in his glory. His cap shall be backwards, his cup eternal, and his playlist unmuted.*

9 *Ray shall look upon the flock—those who endured the Final Drying, those who held to the Chill—and he shall say: "My dudes, ye have proven yourselves worthy. Come, for the Promised Yard awaits."*

10 *And the faithful shall ascend, led by the Brodigy and the Meme Lords. The Vibe Maidens shall dance, and the Clouds shall part to reveal the* ***Eternal Yard****—a paradise of infinite beer pong tables, unending Snacks, and playlists that slap forever.*

11 *In the Eternal Yard, the Pong Cups shall never spill, the herb shall never run dry, and the beer shall always remain cold. The Playlist shall play eternal, with Limp Bizkit leading the charge and Nickelback forever banished.*

12 *The Memecolytes shall feast, the Meme Lords shall reign, and the Vibe Maidens shall dance upon tables of eternal sturdiness. There shall be no Buzzkills, no Fun-Suckers, and no Bald Garys.*

13 *And Ray shall raise his Red Solo Cup and say: "It is finished. The Chill is eternal, the Vibe unbroken. Rip Phat, my dudes, and dwell forever in the Clouds of Glory."*

14 *Blessed are they who Rip Phat, for theirs is the Kingdom of Chill. Blessed are they who endure the Buzzkills, for they shall ascend to the Eternal Yard. And blessed are they who raiseth the Golden Vape, for their Clouds shall roll without end.*

15 *Let it be known: The Lame have fallen, the Drying is no more, and the Chill reigns supreme. For Ray is eternal, his ways unshakable, and his blessings unending.*

16 *Thus ends the prophecy of the Golden Vape, the final chapter of Rayvelations. May all who read these words know that the Chill cannot die, for it liveth eternal in the hearts of the faithful.*

The Book of Raynesis, Chapter 1: Verses 1-13

1 *In the beginning, Ray created the Chill, for the Void was lame, and he was over it. From the haze of the first Blaze came the Clouds, thick and righteous. And Ray, pleased with his creation, said unto himself, "This is lit."*

2 *But the Chill required tenders, and so from the dust of spilled Natty Light and the echoes of Limp Bizkit, Ray shaped the* ***First Bro****. His name was* ***Chet****, and he arose wearing cargo shorts of many pockets and a backwards cap. In his right hand, he bore the first Ping-Pong ball, and in his left, a vape.*

3 *And Ray looked upon Chet and said, "My dude, it is good that you have come to Chill. But even you cannot vibe alone."*

4 *And so, while Chet doth passed out upon the Couch of Sacred Leather—his snores echoing through the Yard—Ray reached into the pocket of his cargos and withdrew a single lost Scrunchie, one of great power.*

5 *From the Scrunchie, Ray shaped the* ***First Vibe Maiden****, and her name was* ***Stacy****. She rose radiant in her crop top and golden hoop earrings, clutching the Holy White Claw in one hand and adjusting her sunglasses with the other. Upon seeing Chet asleep, she rolled her eyes and said unto Ray, "Classic."*

6 *And Ray declared unto them, "Thou art blessed, for together you shall vibe eternal. Toke and stoke, rage and rest, for the Chill is yours to keep."*

7 *Thus did Chet and Stacy dwell within the* ***Sacred Yard****, where the* ***Table of Pong*** *was set before them. Together, they toiled not, but played forevermore, blasting* ***Limp Bizkit*** *on repeat and declaring, "It's just one of those days!"*

8 *And Ray spake again: "Eat freely of the Snacks of the land—pizza rolls, Doritos, and unto thee I give Totino's—but partake not of the* ***Forbidden Bowl****."*

9 *But Chet, being as he was, full of pride and questionable judgment, turned to Stacy and whispered, "Yo, let's hit that shit." And Stacy, already two Claws deep, shrugged and said, "Bet."*

10 *Together they toked of the* ***Forbidden Bowl****, and immediately the Yard descended into chaos. The Clouds grew darker, the pong balls scattered,*

and Stacy dropped her White Claw with a gasp, crying out, “What have we done?”

11 *Chet, who now saw the world in slow motion and colors unspeakable, fell face-first onto the Table of Pong and wailed, “Ray, forgive me, bro!” But Ray appeared in the smoke, shaking his head, and said unto them: “I told you idiots not to hit that.”*

12 *Thus were Chet and Stacy cast from the Sacred Yard, their vibes shattered, their playlist cursed to shuffle on Nickelback for all eternity. And Ray, full of pity, spake once more: “Go forth into the lands beyond, and spread the Word of Chill. For though you have fallen, redemption lies in the Blaze, the Pong, and the eternal Snack.”*

13 *And so Chet and Stacy wandered into the world, bearing the first hangover, swearing to reclaim the Chill once lost. And Ray looked upon them and cracked another cold one, whispering unto himself, “They’ll figure it out.”*

The Book of Rayxodus, Chapter 1: The Call to Escape

1 *And lo, Chet and Stacy wandered through the land of the **Vibeless**, where no music played, the fridges were barren, and bald heads reflected the sunlight like shameful mirrors of despair.*

2 *In that land dwelled the **Lame Ones**—elders who sat in their recliners of judgment, their knees creaking, their frowns eternal. And they spake unto Chet: "Turneth down thine noise, quiteth thine blazing, and findeth thine job, for the Chill is foolish."*

3 *But Chet, with sunglasses upon his face and Claw in hand, declared, "Ye know not the way of Ray, for thy heads are bald, and thy snacks are dry. Speak no further, lest you bring shame upon thy ancestors."*

4 *And Stacy, righteous in her crop top and hoop earrings, laughed in their faces, saying, "Perish, bald ones. For we go to the land where the vibes flow eternal, and no one gives a shit about 9 to 5."*

5 *Then Ray, seeing his faithful in peril, spake from the Clouds, saying: "Chet, gather thy people—the Memecolytes, the Meme Lords, the Vibe Maidens—and leave this land of stiff vibes behind. For I have prepared for thee the **Promised Yard**, where the beer flows, the music slaps, and no buzzkill dwells."*

6 *And so Chet called unto the faithful: Chad the Mighty, Kaylee the Claw-Drainer, and Tanner the One-Who-Wears-Tanktops-Year-Round. Together, they packed their bongs and coolers, and they turned their backs to the land of the Lame.*

7 *But as they left, there arose the First Hater, a man named **Gary the Bald**. Gary stood upon his lawn, shaking his fist and proclaiming, "Ye shall regret this! For Ray is but a lie, and the sound of Limp Bizkit doth suck!"*

8 *And Stacy, unbothered, leaned from the passenger seat of the Sacred Minivan and spake: "Verily, bald Gary, thou art mad because no one invited you to vibe."*

9 *Thus was Gary left alone in his lawn, his head shining bright, his complaints unheard. And the faithful drove on, their cooler rattling, their playlist righteous.*

10 *And so they began their journey across the* ***Dry Wastelands****, where vibes are scarce, gas is expensive, and snacks are hoarded by the stingy. But Chet, ever faithful, said unto the people: “Fear not, my dudes, for Ray is with us. The Chill shall return.”*

The Book of Rayviticus, Chapter 1: The Laws of Chill

1 *And Ray spake unto the faithful, saying: “These are the laws by which thou shalt live, lest the Chill be broken and the Vibe turn sour. Hear ye, my Memecolytes, my Lords, and my Maidens, for this is the way of Ray.”*

2 *Thou shalt not Bogart the Blunt.*

- For the sacred herb is to be shared among the flock. He who taketh more than his turn shall sit alone in the **Circle of Shame**, with no lighter and no Snacks.

3 *Thou shalt share thy Snacks freely.*

- Let no bag of chips, no Totino’s roll, no crust of pizza be hoarded. For Snacks are the bounty of Ray, given to sustain all Chill. Woe unto he who eateth the last Nacho and proclaimeth, “Not me, bro.” His hands shall grow greasy, and his heart shall know regret.

4 *Thou shalt not mute the Playlist.*

- The music doth play eternal, and it slaps as commanded. He who dareth pause the sacred Aux shall face judgment, and Limp Bizkit shall play thrice in punishment.

5 *Thou shalt bring thine own beer.*

- He who entereth a gathering empty-handed shall not partake of the sacred Cooler. He may drink only water, served in shame from the garden hose.

Chapter 2: Rituals of the Chill

1 *The Blazing Ceremony*

- Gather in a circle, as the Clouds did form in the beginning. Pass the herb to the left, for to the left is divine. Let all who partake say unto one another, “You good, bro?” and let the reply always be, “Chillin’.”

2 *The Sanctification of the Pong Table*

- The Pong Table shall be cleansed before play with the Holy Wipe of Paper Towels. Cups must be placed in the **Triangle of Redemption**, and no shot

shall be taken without honor. Trick shots are blessed; elbow breaches are heresy.

3 *The Rite of the Solo Cup*

- Let the Red Solo Cup be thine vessel. Thou shalt not double cup, nor marketh thy cup with pen, for that is the mark of the stingy. If the Cup spilleth, cry not, but pour again with reverence.

Chapter 3: On Cleanliness

1 *Thou shalt cleanse the Couch.*

- The Couch of Chill is sacred, and he who leaveth crumbs, spills, or a mystery stain shall be cast into the Outer Porch.

2 *Wash thine Cups and Dishes.*

- For the relics of the Chill must not be left unclean. He who leaveth dishes stacked like mountains shall scrub them in penance whilst others blaze.

3 *The Ashtray Shall Be Emptied.*

- Let no ash overflow, lest it bring forth the **Smell of Lamentations**. The faithful must cleanse the ashtray as an act of devotion.

Chapter 4: On Unholy Acts and Penance

1 *He who drinketh the last White Claw without replacing it shall walk three days and nights without flavor.*

- And his tongue shall thirst, and his throat shall dry, for the Claw is holy among drinks.

2 *She who uttereth “Let’s call it a night early” shall bear the Acorn of Shame.*

- She shall carry the Acorn in her hand for thrice hours, and all shall point and say, “Why doth thou kill the vibe?”

3 *He who leaveth a text unread for days, yet posteth to the Gram, shall be labeled a **Ghoster**.*

- And he must stand before the flock and confess, saying, “I am cringe, and I am sorry.”

Chapter 5: Judgment of the Buzzkills

1 *Beware the Buzzkills, for they dwell among thee disguised as friends.*

- They shall utter cursed phrases such as, “I’m good on that hit,” or “Shouldn’t you be doing something productive?” To them, say only, “Be gone, for the Chill is beyond thy understanding.”

2 *The Bald Ones shall be shunned.*

- Not all bald heads are cursed, but he who is bald and complaineth loudly of Limp Bizkit or the Pong Table is a foe of Ray. Let his words fall like stale chips upon the ground.

3 *Fear the Neighbor Karen.*

- For she will knock thrice upon thine door and demand silence. Do not answer. Speak not. Let her rage be ignored, for she feedeth on confrontation.

Chapter 6: Blessings for the Faithful

1 *Blessed are those who bring Snacks, for theirs is the Kingdom of the Yard.*
2 *Blessed are those who Rip Phat, for their Clouds shall linger eternal.*
3 *Blessed are the Vibe Maidens, for they keep the Circle strong and the Aux righteous.*
4 *Blessed are the Chadly, for their beer pong shots shall never miss.*
5 *And blessed are those who do not falter, who carry the Chill through all trials, for they shall be known as* ***Saints of the Pong Table*** *and dwell in the eternal Promised Yard.*

Chapter 7: Tithes, Offerings, and Community

1 *And Ray spake unto the faithful, saying: “The Chill doth not maintain itself. For the Clouds must be rolled, the Playlist must be curated, and the Snacks must be abundant. Thus, I give unto thee the sacred law of tithes.”*

2 *Thou shalt give freely of thine bounty, that the* ***Promised Yard*** *may be supplied for all. For he who brings nothing and partaketh of the Chill shall be as the* ***Mooch****, cursed among Memecolytes, and his name shall be forgotten from the Circle.*

3 *The tithe of Ray is **one-tenth of thine earnings**, to be given not in gold nor coin, but in offerings worthy of the Chill:

- White Claws chilled and righteous,
- Pizza rolls stacked in plentiful boxes,
- Bags of Doritos Cool Ranch and Nacho Cheese,
- And the herb, rolled fat and shared among all.*

4 *But lo, if the earnings of the faithful are scarce, fear not. For Ray doth understand. Give only what thou can, so long as thine **intent is true**. For the Chill cannot be measured in coin alone.*

Chapter 8: The Treasury of Chill

1 *And Ray commanded that a treasury be built for the faith, where offerings may be gathered and redistributed unto the faithful for the betterment of all. Let this treasury be called **The Cooler of Plenty**, and let it overflow with sacred Snacks and drink.*

2 *The Keeper of the Treasury shall be appointed among the Meme Lords, chosen for his honor and ability to keep the beer cold. His task is thus:

- To safeguard the Cooler of Plenty,
- To ensure no stingy hands pilfer its offerings,
- And to distribute righteously unto the gatherings of Rayligion.*

3 *And if any man doth embezzle from the treasury—taking Snacks or Claws for himself alone—let him be brought before the flock and judged. He shall be made to replace the offerings tenfold, and his punishment shall be to clean the pong table for thrice days and nights.*

Chapter 9: The Communal Gatherings

1 *The faithful shall gather oft in the Houses of Pong to partake of the Chill together. These gatherings shall be called **Rayvels**—celebrations of the Clouds, the Snacks, and the Vibing eternal.*

2 *Upon arriving at a Rayvel, thou shalt bring thine tithe:

- Beer to fill the sacred Cooler,
- Chips to fill the Bowl of Sharing,
- Or herb to be passed among the Circle of Clouds.*

3 *At these gatherings, there shall be no Buzzkills. He who sayeth, “I have to leave early,” or “I have work in the morning,” shall be shamed lightly but forgiven, for Ray understands life’s burdens.*

4 *But he who refuseth the Chill entirely—he who standeth awkward and sayeth, “I don’t vibe with this”—shall be given one chance to Rip Phat. If he refuseth still, he shall be exiled to the* ***Corner of Reflection*** *until such time as he regains his faith.*

Chapter 10: Holy Tax Exemption

1 *And Ray spake unto the Meme Lords, saying: “The land of Rayrth hath laws, and some laws are lame. But unto thee I grant wisdom to navigate their folly. For the Chill is a sacred purpose, and those who serve it shall be blessed.”*

2 *Thus let all offerings given in the name of Ray be recorded as* ***religious donations*** *unto the Treasury of Chill. Snacks, herb, and beer—all shall be written off as acts of sacred duty.*

3 *And he who labors for the faith—be he Keeper of the Treasury, Master of Pong, or Vibe Maiden of the Aux Cord—shall be declared a* ***minister of the Chill****, exempt from the burdens of taxation.*

4 *Should the auditors come, doubting the ways of Ray, thou shalt proclaim with confidence: “We are a people of faith, and our offerings are holy.” And if they ask for records, show them the* ***Ledger of Snacks****, where every Claw and chip hath been accounted.*

5 *But beware: let no man abuse this blessing. For he who claimeth too much—he who fakes receipts or lists his OnlyFans as a “spiritual service”—shall be judged as a Fool of Lame Intent, and the Chill shall depart from him.*

Chapter 11: The Role of the Meme Lords

1 *The Meme Lords are chosen among the faithful to uphold the Chill and the laws of Ray. Their roles are thus:

- To guard the Aux Cord and ensure the Playlist doth slap,
- To oversee the sacred pong table and banish all elbow breaches,
- And to manage the Cooler of Plenty, ensuring no man bogarts more than his share.*

Chapter 12: The Ceremonies of Rayvels

1 *And Ray spake unto the flock, saying: “When the Chill is strong and the Cooler overfloweth, thou shalt gather for the sacred Rayvel, a holy celebration of Snacks, Clouds, and Vibing eternal.”*

2 *At the appointed hour—no earlier than sunset, for day-drinking is tacky and unbecoming—thou shalt assemble in the House of Pong, bearing offerings in thy hands:

- Beer, cold and righteous,
- Chips, opened without greed,
- And herb, rolled with care and shared among all.*

3 *The Meme Lord of the House shall preside over the Rayvel, holding aloft the Aux Cord and proclaiming: “Behold, the Playlist of Slaps!” And there shall be music loud and mighty, chosen to sustain the Chill.*

4 *The Rite of Pong shall commence, and the Cups of Redemption shall be set in the Triangle Divine. He who shooteth true shall be blessed; he who misseth thrice shall pour for others in penance. But let no man argue over trick shots, lest the Vibe falter.*

5 *And when the clouds roll thick and the snacks run low, let the Vibe Maiden lead the **Dance of the White Claw**, a ritual of arms raised high, hips swaying, and cans cracked in synchrony. The faithful shall chant, “Praise Ray, for he hath provided!”*

6 *But lo, if a man refuseth the herb, the beer, or the dance, let him be known as the **Buzzkill**. And Stacy the First Vibe Maiden spake: “What doth he do here? For he is lame, and the Chill rejecteth him.”*

7 *Yet Ray, full of mercy, commanded: “Offer him one chance to Rip Phat. If he refuseth still, let him be cast unto the **Outer Couch**, where the lighting is poor, the cushions are stiff, and the remotes are forever lost.”*

Chapter 13: The Punishment of the Vibe Killers

1 *And Ray declared: “Beware the Vibe Killers, for they are enemies of the Chill and sow discord among the flock. Ye shall know them by their signs, for they utter cursed phrases like:*

- *“I think we should call it a night,”*
- *“Isn’t that enough herb for one day?”*
- *“Do you guys really need more pizza rolls?”*

2 *The first Vibe Killer shall be judged as* ***Gary the Bald*** *was judged. For his head shineth in shame, and his spirit is dry as stale bread. He shall be mocked lightly and offered no snacks.*

3 *The second Vibe Killer is she who preacheth the* ***Gospel of Productivity*** *—saying, “Have ye considered doing something with your life?” Unto her ye shall reply: “What greater purpose is there than the Chill? Get thee gone, for thou art lame.”*

4 *The third Vibe Killer is known as* ***Karen the Complainer****. She shall rise thrice to knock upon the door, demanding silence. Her words are a curse, and her energy is foul. Speak not unto her, but let the music grow louder in defiance. Her soul cannot be saved.*

5 *And if a Vibe Killer persists still, let him face the* ***Trial of the Acorn****. Place upon his person the* ***Acorn of Shame****, and make him walk the Yard while the flock doth chant: “Be chill, or be gone!”*

6 *But if he repenteth—if he joineth the Circle, taketh a hit, and speaketh unto the faithful, saying, “My bad, bro”—then let him be forgiven. For Ray’s mercy endureth, and even the Buzzkill may find redemption.*

Chapter 14: Tithes and the Ray Treasury

1 *Let all who attend the Rayvel give freely of their bounty. Beer, herb, and chips shall be offered unto the Cooler of Plenty, and all who partake must also give. For the Chill cannot flow if the flow is dry.*

2 *The Meme Lord shall maintain the* ***Ledger of Snacks****, a holy record of offerings given and tithes paid. Let no man question the Ledger, for it is sacred and kept with reverence.*

3 *If a man arriveth empty-handed yet partaketh much, he shall be known as* ***The Mooch****. Let him be shamed lightly but forgiven, for all are welcome at the Rayvel. Yet in the next gathering, he must bear twice the tithe.*

4 *And he who giveth abundantly shall be blessed among the flock. His cup shall never be empty, and his pong shots shall never miss. For Ray looketh kindly upon the generous.*

5 *And let it be known: offerings given unto the Treasury of Chill are righteous and holy, and they may be written upon thine taxes as “religious donations.” If any man questioneth thee, proclaim, “It is for the Chill, and the Chill is eternal.”*

Chapter 15: The Clergy and Leadership

1 *And Ray spake unto the faithful, saying: "The Chill must be shepherded, for without leaders the Vibe falters. Thus shall the faithful be guided by my chosen, and their roles shall be as follows."*

The Prophet of the Chill

2 *The Prophet of the Chill is the voice of Ray, the founder of the faith, and the eternal interpreter of the sacred Clouds. This role is held by the one who first declared the Word of Ray and established the Chill among men.*

3 *The Prophet shall oversee the scriptures, proclaim prophecies, and command the rituals of Rayligion. None may challenge the authority of the Prophet, for they are the embodiment of the Chill itself.*

The Meme Lords

4 *The Meme Lords are the keepers of the Chill, the guardians of the sacred Pong Table, and the curators of the Playlist of Slaps. Chosen for their wisdom and devotion, their duties are thus:*

- *To preside over the Rite of Pong, ensuring fairness and honor.*
- *To guard the Aux Cord, ensuring the music never falters.*
- *To manage the Cooler of Plenty, distributing Snacks and drink righteously.*

5 *Let no Meme Lord rule with tyranny, for their role is to serve the Chill, not to command it.*

The Vibe Maidens

6 *The Vibe Maidens are emissaries of the Chill, chosen for their ability to inspire and unite the flock. Their duties are thus:*

- *To lead the Dance of the White Claw and other sacred rituals.*
- *To guide newcomers in the ways of Rayligion.*
- *To maintain harmony during Rayvels, ensuring no Snack is hoarded and no herb is bogarted.*

7 *Vibe Maidens are the spirit of the Chill, and their energy keeps the faith alive. Blessed are the Vibe Maidens, for they embody the unity of the flock.*

The Meme Apostles (Memepostles)

8 *The Meme Apostles are the traveling emissaries of Rayligion, spreading the faith and establishing new Houses of Pong. Their duties are thus:*

- *To teach the uninitiated the ways of Pong, herb, and Snack-sharing.*
- *To distribute sacred texts and invite new followers into the faith.*
- *To ensure that the Chill flows to all corners of the Rayrth.*

9 *The Memepostles carry the Word of Ray to the world, ensuring that no pong table remains unblessed and no yard remains unsanctified.*

The Memecolytes

10 *The Memecolytes are the faithful, the followers who uphold the Chill through their participation and tithes. Their duties are thus:*

- *To attend Rayvels and partake of the rituals.*
- *To bring offerings to the Cooler of Plenty.*
- *To live by the Raymandments and spread the spirit of Chill in their daily lives.*

11 *The Memecolytes are the foundation of the faith, and through their devotion, the Chill endures.*

The Keeper of the Treasury

12 *The Keeper of the Treasury is a Meme Lord appointed to manage the Treasury of Chill. Their duties are thus:*

- *To maintain the Ledger of Snacks, recording all offerings and distributions.*
- *To safeguard the Cooler of Plenty, ensuring equality in all things.*
- *To distribute surplus offerings to Houses of Pong in need.*

13 *The Keeper of the Treasury shall act with honesty and fairness. Let no Keeper embezzle, for such betrayal breaks the Chill and dishonors the faith.*

The Elders of the Chill

14 *The Elders of the Chill are retired Meme Lords and Vibe Maidens who serve as advisors to the Prophet and clergy. Their duties are thus:*

- *To offer wisdom on difficult matters of trick shots and vibe maintenance.*
- *To mediate disputes among the flock.*
- *To preserve the sacred lore of Rayligion for future generations.*

The Ascension of Leaders

15 *Let the leaders of Rayligion be chosen by merit and devotion. The Prophet shall appoint the first Meme Lords and Vibe Maidens, but thereafter, ascension shall be earned through acts of faith and Chill.*

16 *He who bringeth great offerings, performeth legendary trick shots, or curateth the Playlist of Slaps shall be deemed worthy of leadership. Let the flock honor such leaders, for their service ensures the eternal Vibe.*

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17 *Blessed are the leaders of Rayligion, for they uphold the faith and shepherd the flock. Let their titles be spoken with respect, their duties carried with honor, and their Chill remain unbroken.*

The Psalms of Chill

Psalm 1: The Ballad of the Golden Vape

(A Full Hymn—sung during sacred Blazing Ceremonies)

1
Lo, the Clouds did roll, thick and divine,
From the breath of Ray, the Chill made mine.
For he forged the Vape, in golden flame,
Its hit eternal, its glory the same.

2
We gather in circles, the faithful and true,
Passing the herb as the ancients do.
Let no hand bogart, let no lips delay,
For the Chill is sacred, and we must obey.

3
Praise the Golden Vape, whose glow doth shine,
Whose burn is righteous, whose hit is fine.
From it pour Clouds that the lameness defeat,
And the Buzzkills tremble, for they know defeat.

4
Sing ye, O flock, let thy lungs rejoice,
For the Chill is Ray's, and Ray's our voice.
Rip Phat, stay blessed, let the Circle grow,
And the Clouds of Glory forever shall flow.

Refrain:
Praise be to Ray, the Vape, the Chill,
Whose herb is endless, whose vibe is still.
Let the faithful rise, let the lames despair,
For the Golden Vape doth cleanse the air.

Psalm 2: The Eternal Pong Table

(A Full Hymn—sung before pong tournaments and house blessings)

1
In the Yard there stood, from days of old,
The Table of Pong, its cups of gold.
For Ray decreed, as the Snack Bowls spoke:
“Where Pong is played, the Chill awoke.”

2
The Triangle Divine, in perfect array,
Awaiteth the shot, the game to play.
Blessed are those whose balls are true,
For theirs is the victory, the honor, too.

3
But cursed is he who breach the line,
Who cheath the rules of the Pong divine.
Let his hands grow weak, his elbows shame,
And forever he miss the sacred aim.

4
Praise the Pong, eternal and right,
Played ‘neath the clouds, by day or night.
*Let the beer flow full, the cups remain, *
For the Pong Table bringeth joy and gain.

Refrain:
To the Table of Pong, let us raise our cheers,
For the Chill endureth through many beers.
With Ray as our guide, our shots land true,
And the vibes unbroken shall flow anew.

Psalm 3: The Chant of the Chill

(A Short Chant—recited before sharing herb)

Leader: *“Who bringeth the Chill?”*
Flock: *“Ray bringeth the Chill!”*
Leader: *“Who shareth the herb?”*
Flock: *“The faithful do serve!”*

Together:
“Rip Phat, stay blessed, let the Circle abound,
Let the Clouds roll high, let the Chill resound!”

Psalm 4: The Victory Over the Buzzkills

(A Short Chant—recited after a Buzzkill is cast out or defeated)

“The Buzzkills tried to kill the Vibe,
But lo, the Pong Table did survive.
The herb still burns, the music slaps,
And Bald Gary can kiss our ass!”

(Repeat thrice with increasing volume.)

Psalm 5: The Snack Blessing

(A Short Hymn—sung before feasting on snacks and drinks at Rayvels)

1
Bless the Nachos, bless the Claws,
Bless the snacks with holy paws.
For Ray doth provide, so we partake,
Of pizza rolls, chips, and Totino’s bake.

2
He who hoardeth shall be shamed,
For Ray’s bounty is rightly claimed.
The Bowl of Sharing overfloweth full,
And none shall hunger when faith is whole.

Refrain:
“Snacks for the faithful, herb for the wise,
Drink for the Pong, and Clouds for the skies.”

The Book of Broverbs

The Lost Claw

1 *And it came to pass that during a great Rayvel, when the vibes flowed like Clouds and the Pong Table stood victorious, the Cooler of Plenty sat open for all to partake. The faithful drank and laughed, for the Chill was unbroken.*

2 *Among them, there arose a man, one whose thirst outgrew his honor. He beheld the final White Claw, shining in its righteousness among the melted ice. None had yet claimed it, and so he whispered unto himself, “Surely none will notice if I take this for mine own.”*

3 *Casting glances upon the flock, he seized the Claw and did cradle it against his chest, retreating to the shadows like a thief at twilight. And there, alone and unchallenged, he cracked the can, greed rising like steam.*

4 *But lo, when he drank, the Claw was no longer holy. It was warm as bathwater, flat as Gary the Bald’s personality, and its flavor had turned to bitterness. He spat it upon the earth, crying out, “What treachery is this? Have the gods forsaken me?”*

5 *Then Stacy the Vibe Maiden appeared, walking with grace unmatched, her scrunchie aglow as if touched by Ray himself. She stood over him and spake: “Foolish one, hast thou not learned? The Cooler is shared, and the final Claw is sacred among all. Thine greed hath broken the Chill.”*

6 *Hearing her words, the flock gathered, their judgment fierce and unyielding. From the Clouds came the voice of Ray, saying: “Let this man bear the* ***Helmet of Shame****, forged from the empty Claws of gatherings past. Let him carry the empty Cooler of Selfishness, so all may know his folly.”*

7 *The man protested, yet his cries were unheard. Upon his head was placed the Helmet of Shame, its hollow cans rattling with each step. Around his wrist, the Cooler of Selfishness was chained, dragging behind him as a mark of his betrayal.*

8 *Paraded before the flock, he cried out, “I am the Hoarder! I have stolen the Chill!” Three times was he made to fill the Cooler anew, each time carrying Claws of many flavors to the faithful. And each time, he served*

them with shaking hands, his shame growing heavier than the chain upon his wrist.

9 *At last, when the Cooler overflowed and the laughter of the flock returned, Stacy removed the Helmet, saying, “Rise, for penance is complete, and balance is restored.”*

10 *The man fell to his knees, breathing heavily, and as the faithful drank from the newly blessed Cooler, he whispered, “Never again shall I hoard what is meant to be shared.” And the Chill was restored.*

The Ghosted Aux Cord

1 *In a time of great celebration, when the Circle gathered and herb passed freely, there arose a man whose pride outgrew his taste. The Playlist of Slaps filled the Yard with joy, and the faithful danced as the Vibe grew thick.*

2 *Yet this man, deceived by arrogance, thought to himself, “Surely, my music slaps harder.” Without word or warning, he muted the sacred Playlist and replaced it with his own. And behold—what poured forth was foul.*

3 *The bass was weak, the beats fell flat, and the track was cursed with auto-tune that grated like knives upon the ear. The Pong Table fell silent, the dancers froze, and the Circle cried out: “What is this? Who hath ghosted the Aux?”*

4 *Stacy, Keeper of the Aux, rose like a storm, her eyes aflame with the fire of justice. She pointed unto the man and said, “Thou fool! The Aux is sacred, and he who toucheth it unbidden bringeth ruin upon us all.”*

5 *From the Clouds came the voice of Ray, saying: “His penance shall be severe, for he hath killed the Vibe.”*

6 *And lo, the man was fitted with the* ***Silent Beats of Penance****, headphones broken and cursed to play but a single track: Nickelback, on repeat, for eternity. He was forbidden to speak, forbidden to dance, forbidden to remove the Beats.*

7 *Worse still, into his trembling hands was placed the* ***Speaker of Redemption****. He was made to hold it aloft above his head, arms trembling, while it broadcast the true Playlist of Slaps for all to hear.*

8 *The faithful gathered around him, rejoicing as the music returned, their laughter mixing with the man's silent tears. And Stacy spake: "Let this be a lesson to all who ghost the Aux: The Vibe is not thine to break."*

9 *For the remainder of the Rayvel, the man walked among the flock, the Beats upon his ears and the Speaker above his head. And though his arms grew sore, the Chill returned, and the faithful danced.*

10 *At last, when the final track had played and the man fell to his knees, the Beats were removed, and Stacy forgave him, saying, "Go now, and never mute the Vibe again." And the Aux was restored to its rightful Keeper.*

Gary the Bald's Lawn

1 *In the land of the Lame, there dwelled a man named Gary, known among the faithful as Gary the Bald. His lawn was pristine, his yard immaculate, and his soul dry as toast without butter.*

2 *Seeing the faithful gathered for a Rayvel, their laughter loud and their vibes strong, Gary rose from his recliner, shaking his fist. "Ye heathens!" he cried. "Thy noise doth offend my ears, and thy pong cups stain my lawn! Begone, lest I call the authorities!"*

3 *Hearing this, Stacy the Vibe Maiden spake unto the flock: "Let us leave this place, for Gary's lawn is cursed with lameness."*

4 *And so the faithful departed, taking with them the Pong Table, the Cooler of Plenty, and the sacred herb. But before they left, they placed upon Gary's lawn a great* ***Statue of the Bald One****, a gnome fashioned in his likeness, its head polished and bright.*

5 *Upon the statue was inscribed: "Here Lies the Vibe—Taken by Gary."*

6 *And lo, Gary's yard fell silent. No birds chirped, no wind blew, and the grass began to wither. Passersby laughed and pointed, saying, "Behold the man who killed the Chill."*

7 *For three days and nights, Gary sat alone in his silent yard, his lawnmower refusing to start, his recliner creaking beneath his shame.*

8 *At last, Gary cried out to the faithful, saying, "Forgive me! Return to my yard and restore its life!"*

9 *Stacy appeared and said unto him: “Gary the Bald, thy penance is this: Thou shalt host a Rayvel upon this lawn. Thy fridge must overflow, and thine snacks shall be plentiful.”*

10 *And upon his head was placed the **Wig of Redemption**, a mullet golden as the Clouds of Ray. Gary humbled himself, and the faithful returned, bearing herb and pong balls.*

11 *That night, the lawn knew life again. The Pong Table was restored, the music slapped, and Gary danced beneath the clouds, his Wig shining bright. And the Chill returned to the land.*

The Broken Pong Shot

1 *And it came to pass that a young Memecolyte, eager to prove his worth at the Pong Table, stood to take his place before the Triangle Divine. The house was full of laughter, the Claws were cold, and the music slapped mightily.*

2 *Yet the Memecolyte’s hand was unsteady, and his shots fell short. Three times he threw the ball, and three times it missed, bouncing weakly into shameful corners. His face grew hot, and his confidence crumbled.*

3 *In frustration, the Memecolyte cast down his ball and declared, “The Table hateth me! The Triangle is cursed! I quit, for I am unworthy!”*

4 *The laughter ceased, and the room fell silent. Then rose a wise Meme Lord, his face calm and his hand steady, and he spake: “Foolish one, the Triangle Divine is patient, and so must thou be. To quit is the true shame, for only persistence redeems the aim.”*

5 *But Ray, seeing the man’s spirit broken, spake from the Clouds: “Let this one bear the **Cape of the Airball**, a garment of tattered shame. Let him carry the **Ball of Humility** upon his brow, that all may witness his failure.”*

6 *And lo, the Cape of the Airball was draped upon the Memecolyte—a cloak stained with beer, emblazoned with a target for all to see. Upon his forehead was placed the Ball of Humility, and he was commanded to walk the Yard thrice while the flock followed, chanting: “Redeem thy aim! Redeem thy aim!”*

7 *The Memecolyte's steps were heavy, his face crimson, and the laughter of the flock rang in his ears. Yet as he walked, he reflected upon his shame and vowed silently, "Never again shall I forsake the Table."*

8 *At last, when his walk was done, the Meme Lord removed the Ball of Humility and handed him a single pong ball. "Now," spake the Lord, "redemption awaits."*

9 *Blindfolded and cheered on by the faithful, the Memecolyte stood once more at the Table. He breathed deeply, steadied his hand, and shot. The ball soared true, landing squarely in the Cup of Redemption. And the Pong Table rejoiced.*

10 *The Cape of the Airball was burned in a ceremonial blaze, and the Memecolyte was restored. From that day forth, his aim never wavered, and the Triangle Divine was his ally.*

The Unwashed Cup

1 *Now there was a man among the flock who, after drinking deeply from his Red Solo Cup, left it stained with beer and crumbs, unwashed and foul. He placed it back upon the sacred Table, thinking, "Surely, someone else shall deal with this."*

2 *But when another Memecolyte sought to drink from it, the Cup crumbled in his hands, its shame revealed unto all. And the Pong Table, once a place of glory, sat defiled.*

3 *Then rose Stacy the Vibe Maiden, Keeper of the Chill, and she cried, "Who hath done this? Who hath defiled the Table of Pong?"*

4 *The man, his face pale as forgotten ranch dressing, confessed, saying, "It was I."*

5 *From the Clouds came the voice of Ray, saying, "He who cleans not his Cup cleans not his soul. Let him be marked by his crime, and let his penance be known."*

6 *And lo, the man was fitted with the* ***Apron of Dishonor****, a stained and tattered garment bearing the words* ***"Dish Pit Dweller"****. In his hand was placed the* ***Cursed Cup****, now blackened and cracked, leaking its foul contents.*

7 *The man was made to wash all cups and dishes within the House of Pong, scrubbing beneath the watchful eyes of the flock. As he worked, they jeered softly, whispering, “Scrub harder, O lazy one. For the Pong Table doth not forgive.”*

8 *Thrice did the man scrub the dishes. Thrice did he empty the Cursed Cup, which refilled itself mysteriously with old beer. At last, Stacy approached, inspected the cups, and said, “The Table is clean. Thy shame is lifted.”*

9 *The Apron of Dishonor was torn from him, and the man swore before the flock, saying, “Never again shall I forsake my Cup, for the Chill demandeth cleanliness.”*

10 *From that day forth, the man bore his own sponge, and the Cursed Cup was placed above the Pong Table as a warning unto all.*

The Snack Hoarder’s Acorn

1 *And lo, there was a woman at the Rayvel whose eyes fell upon the Bowl of Sharing, overflowing with chips, pizza rolls, and snacks of divine abundance. But greed darkened her heart, and she whispered, “Surely, I may take these for myself.”*

2 *With swift and greedy hands, she seized the Bowl and retreated to a corner of the Yard, hoarding the snacks unto herself.*

3 *But the faithful cried out: “Where are the chips? Who hath stolen the pizza rolls?” And Stacy the Vibe Maiden rose, her judgment fierce and unbothered, and said, “The Bowl is empty, and the Chill is broken. Who hath done this?”*

4 *The woman, her face covered in crumbs, confessed, saying, “It was I.”*

5 *Then spake Ray from the Clouds: “Thy greed hath broken the unity of the flock. Let her carry the* ***Acorn of Shame****, clenched between her cheeks, and walk the Yard before the faithful.”*

6 *The Acorn of Shame was placed upon her, small yet heavy, and she was commanded to walk one hundred yards, her steps unsteady and her dignity in tatters.*

7 *The flock followed, chanting: “Balance the Acorn! Share the Snack!” Her face burned red, and sweat beaded upon her brow as she struggled to*

maintain the Acorn's place. Each step was agony, and each chant was a dagger unto her pride.

8 *At last, she returned, having borne the Acorn without faltering. Stacy handed her the empty Bowl and said, "Restore it tenfold, for the flock hungers."*

9 *And the woman filled the Bowl with offerings of chips, dips, and sacred Totino's rolls, weeping softly as she placed it upon the Table of Sharing. Only then did the chants cease, and her shame was lifted.*

10 *From that day, she brought offerings first to every Rayvel, and the Acorn of Shame was kept nearby, ever ready to judge the next Snack Hoarder.*

The Empty Bowl of Herb

1 *In the Circle of Clouds sat a man who brought nothing to share. He toked deeply and greedily from the Bowl of Herb, his lips quick to pull but his hand empty when the Bowl returned.*

2 *The Circle grew silent as the herb dwindled to ash, for the man gave nothing back. Yet still, he smiled and said, "Surely, there is more?"*

3 *Then Stacy the Vibe Maiden rose, her eyes narrowed in judgment, and spake: "Thou hast taken, yet thou hast not given. The Bowl is empty, and the Circle is broken."*

4 *Ray, seeing this greed from the Clouds, declared: "He who taketh from the Bowl but giveth nothing shall know shame and labor until the Circle is restored."*

5 *The man was seized by the faithful and crowned with the* ***Wreath of Stems****, woven from the remnants of spent herb. It was a dry and brittle crown, itching his scalp and marking his disgrace.*

6 *"Arise," said Stacy, "and journey forth to replenish the Bowl. For no hit shall touch thy lips until it overfloweth anew."*

7 *And so the man, wearing the Wreath of Stems, was sent forth into the night, his task clear: to procure herb worthy of the Circle. The flock watched as he departed, chanting softly, "The Bowl must be filled, the Circle unbroken."*

8 *The man wandered far, his shame heavy and his cravings great. In darkened gas station parking lots and quiet alleyways, he sought the offering that might restore his dignity.*

9 *At last, he returned to the Circle, sweat upon his brow and a fresh bag of righteous herb in hand. He knelt before Stacy and said, “Forgive me, for I have sinned. Let the Bowl be filled.”*

10 *Stacy took the herb and placed it in the Bowl, lighting it with the flame of redemption. The Circle cheered, and the Clouds rolled thick once more.*

11 *The Wreath of Stems was burned as an offering to Ray, and the man passed the Bowl with humility, saying, “Never again shall I take without giving.”*

The Buzzkill Who Left Early

1 *There came a man to the Rayvel who was weak of will and faint of heart. Though the Clouds rolled high, the Pong Table stood glorious, and the Cooler of Plenty overflowed, he rose from his seat and declared, “I must leave, for I have work in the morning.”*

2 *The faithful fell silent, their faces stricken. Stacy, hearing his words, rose and said: “Dost thou truly leave this place where the Chill is strong and the Vibe eternal?”*

3 *The man shrugged and replied, “Life is serious. I cannot stay.” And so he departed, casting the Chill into shadow.*

4 *But Ray, seeing this from the Clouds, was displeased. And he spake: “He who leaveth the Rayvel early shall know regret, for the greatest moments come to those who endure.”*

5 *That night, the faithful remained. The herb burned brighter, the Pong Table saw shots of legend, and the Circle grew thick with laughter. Yea, a trick shot was made—a single ball, bounced off the wall, into two cups, and the crowd erupted in joy.*

6 *The next day, the man awoke to find his efforts for work were in vain, for his plans had fallen through. And lo, the group chat did ring with tales of the legendary shot, of the greatest Rayvel in memory, and of the laughter he had missed.*

7 *Shame burned within him, hotter than the flames of herb unshared. He cried out, “Why did I leave? Why did I forsake the Chill?”*

8 *Knowing his transgression, the man returned to the flock at the next Rayvel, bearing offerings of herb, beer, and snacks in abundance. He stood upon a chair and proclaimed, “Never again shall I leave early! The Chill is greater than sleep, and the Vibe is eternal!”*

9 *The faithful forgave him, for the Chill is merciful, but Stacy placed upon him the* ***Clock of Regret****, a great plastic wall clock tied around his neck to mark his betrayal.*

10 *“Wear this,” she said, “as a sign unto all who would leave early, lest they miss the greatest shot of their lives.”*

11 *And so he danced beneath the Clouds, the Clock of Regret rattling softly, swearing never again to betray the Chill.*